

ANNUAL INTER-YEAR PLAY SET FOR WEEK TONIGHT

Classes Prepare Offerings For Inter-Year Competition

CRITIC FAVORS SENIOR PLAY

Productions Vary From Heavy Drama of Seniors to Farcical Comedy of Frosh

By K. I.

Next Friday night, December 1st, in Convocation Hall, the curtain will rise on the fourteenth annual Play Competition of the Dramatic Society. The Inter-year Plays are becoming quite an institution on the campus, with a history that stretches back to the days just after the war. In those days the night used to be a rowdy affair, with the different classes freely abusing each other from opposite sides of the gallery, and plutocrats sitting on the floor of the house were given a warm welcome. But all that is past—we live in a more sober age, when such horse-play is frowned upon. Nevertheless, the plays are still much the same. The Senior class chooses heavy drama and the Freshmen light farcical comedy. In between come the Sophs and the Juniors—which reminds me that the Sophs have won the shield for the past two successive years. It's time the Seniors put an end to this challenge to their superiority—maybe, I'm wrong: maybe it's just a class bias, but I think they have a very good chance this year to regain their lost laurels.

It all depends on the night—and then anything may happen. Let's all go and cheer our own class—a little encouragement means a lot.

The Senior Play

"Black 'Ell," by Miles Malleston.

The Senior class contribution is an anti-war propaganda play of the most violent and emotional type. No spark of idealism is allowed to brighten the blackest hell and the disgustingly false patriotism of those left at home is played up for all it is worth. The colonel, with his "puffy, petulant face," the well-meaning but rather incomprehending fiancée, the patronizing hypocrisy of the father, and the human love of the mother for her son, the jaunty cocksureness of the woman volunteer-worker and violent grief and hatred of the maid

"BUZZ" FENERTY RHODES SCHOLAR

Well Balanced Student Selected As Alberta's Representative

The announcement last Saturday of the award of the Rhodes Scholarship for the season 1932-33 to that prominent law student, Buzz Fenerty, was universally welcomed. Bob Fenerty, commonly known as "Buzz," was a well known figure on the campus. Entering the University in the session 1928-29, he has distinguished himself in the social and athletic life of the Varsity as well as being a first-class student.

Everyone will remember Buzz's familiar figure on the rugby field and the basketball floor. For four years he has represented Varsity on the senior rugby and basketball teams.

Some of the honors that he has gathered during his attendance at University are: Captain of senior basketball 1931-32, President senior rugby 1932-33, member of the senior class executive 1932-33. Buzz received his B.A. in 1931 and his LL.B. in 1933. He succeeded in making first-class general standing for the session 1932-33. He was a member of the original Athenian Club, becoming a Zeta when that local club was admitted as a chapter of the Zeta Psi.

We wonder if Buzz is the selection committee's answer to Taurus's comments a few issues back. In all events, Buzz Fenerty is certainly an all round student and a fine example of Alberta manhood. Congratulations, Buzz!

SOPH RECEPTION FEATURES CABARET

Gallant Swains Meet Wauneita Obligations in True Taurus Style

With sinking hearts we attended the Soph Reception to the Frosh. Some low-lifer had whispered maliciously in our ear that no one was going, but the unfortunate souls who had made the mistake of buying a ticket. When we arrived, however, the good old Varsity Orchestra was jazzing to the usual tangled maelstrom of dancers. Our spirits revived, and we called down maledictions upon the wet blankets who doubtless influenced many to stay away.

The Soph reception this year was rather a new innovation, since it was informal, and this caused much hearty discussion in campus circles. The "formal" defenders will be difficult to down since tuxes were much in evidence. Gallant swains dragged "flat-footed corridor sisters" to pay back their obligations for the Wauneita and conscientious Wauneitas honorably degraded themselves by going to two successive dances with the same man. Yet this did not prevent it from being the completely

servant are all represented as a background to the utter disillusionment of the returned soldier.

Such a play requires an exceptionally able cast to put it across. The Senior class has proved equal to the occasion—revealing an amazing array of talent. Edith Gibson is outstanding as the maid servant who learns of the death of "er Tom." Magdalena Polley and Hazel Wilkinson are both ideally cast. Of the men, Eric Johnson carries the major role in such a convincing manner that nothing is left to be desired. I cannot be quite so enthusiastic over his having accepted the very onerous task of direction, although his past record as actor-director is without blemish. His duties, however, are lightened by the assistance of J. B. Ringwood in the second half of the play. Finally, a word about Bill King—the perfect hard-boiled colonel, with a distinct preference for "guzzling and gulping in the best hotels!"

The Junior Play

"The Cloud," Lewis Beach.

The play is under the direction of Murray Bell, whose fine work in last year's Spring Play is well known. In the cast as the blustering officious Sergeant is Alan Macdonald, whose experience in University dramatics and in the Little Theatre should guarantee a polished performance. In the feminine lead, Margery MacKenzie has a difficult role due to paucity of words with which to convey a characterization of abject misery. Both Fraser MacDonald and Stanley Kemsley have character parts that require very careful interpretation in order to create the atmosphere necessary for success. In the hurly-burly of an Inter-year Play night, it is difficult to get just that requisite amount of tension that is essential unless every member of the cast contributes his full share. The Juniors has been ambitious in their choice of Lewis Beach's play, but so have other classes in the past and have been acclaimed successful. The Juniors have a fine play—it is up to them to make the most of their opportunity.

The Sophomore Play

"The Finishing Touch," by Parker Kent.

"Odds bobby pins," but what a play and what a cast. What is stran-

WINS REWARD



BUZZ FENERTY

successful evening that it was.

At supper time Miss Alice Thresher and Mr. Leo McKinnon sang several duets. It appears that we have a rising young torch singer in Miss Thresher. Mr. McKinnon is a former student in our fair halls, and has returned from Hollywood after singing in several productions there. We are fortunate to have him with us again. They sang "Under a Blanket of Blue," "For You," "Smoke Rings," and "Shadow Waltz." They were received with enthusiasm, and there was much disappointment that there was no encore.

A new idea was featured in the decoration scheme. Colored lights cast a soft glow over tables arranged about the walls. This covered the bleakness of the walls and also reduced the usual decoration expense. The Sophomore committee is to be commended for the able way in which they conducted the dance.

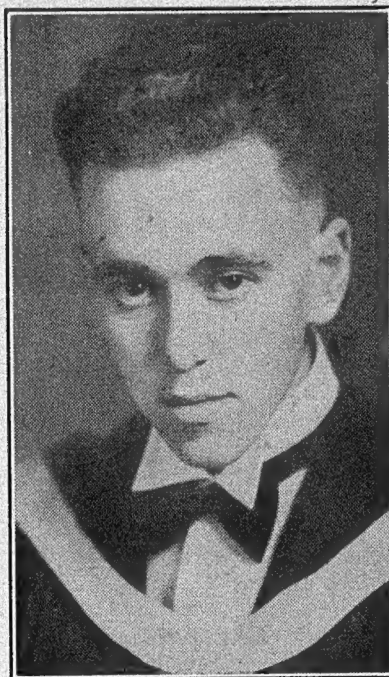
The patroness of this delightful dance were Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Stover, Mrs. McIntyre and Miss Dodd.

HIGH POWERED CANVASSING BRINGS RESULTS

FRENCH DEBATORS



J. TELLIER



GLEN SHORTCLIFFE

Who will lead the University of Alberta team in the forthcoming French Debate, which will be held in Convocation Hall, Tuesday, November 28th, at 8:15 p.m. Mr. Shortcliffe is graduating this year in Honors French and German, and is prominent in both Le Cercle Francois and the Debating Society. His colleague, Lionel Tellier, is a graduate of Alberta, and has been practising law at Falher for the past three years.

The resolution is, "Le Suffrage Feminin est-il Acceptable." This debate will be delivered entirely in French, and Alberta will defend the affirmative. The visiting debaters, Gerard Coumoyer and Paul Dumas, of the University of Montreal, will uphold the negative. The price will be 25c.

ger still, if I may be permitted to be cynical for a moment, what an atmosphere of joviality and friendliness. It seems a pity that all classes couldn't do farcical burlesques if they promote gaiety. I asked the director—who, by the way, is the author of the play, what he would call it. "Just a medley of dramatic incongruities without any particular point." But the play is sure to be a hit because it is such delightful nonsense that you would have to be deaf, dumb and blind not to appreciate it. It is reminiscent perhaps of Bernard Shaw's "Passion, Poison and Petrefaction" that was put on a couple of years ago. The whole cast is enthusiastic, and is headed by a newcomer to University dramatics—Vivian Hood. Miss Hood comes from British Columbia University, where she took part in their Spring Play last year. She has experience and a fine stage personality. Actresses in other classes will have to mind their P's and Q's if they intend to turn down the challenge of the Sophomore leading lady for individual honors. It is unfair to differentiate between the other members of the cast, but I was particularly impressed by Nora Young and Cliff Elston.

The Freshman Play

"The Man in the Bowler Hat,"

By A. A. Milne.

The play is under the very capable direction of Betty Mason, and with some promising material at her disposal, she should be able to put on a very creditable Freshman play. Both the leads, Rose Boileau and Jack Raymond, have infinite possibilities, and should give good account of themselves on the night of the performance. Mr. T. W. E. Henry has a very engaging back which, together with big, bad, bold Bob Borden as the villain, should ensure the success of the play. The play itself is melodrama of a not very inspiring kind, but it should make an excellent half-hour to start the evening off on the right foot.

RE FRESH ELECTIONS

The election of the Freshman class executive will take place Friday, Dec. 1. Nominations for these various positions will be received at the Students' Union office not later than 12:30 noon, Tuesday, Nov. 28. Election speeches will take place in Med 158 at 4:30 on Wednesday, Nov. 29. Voting will be by ballot in the Arts basement from 9 a.m. until 4:30 p.m. on Friday, Dec. 1.

JUNIOR PROM SET FOR DEC. 8th

Tentative plans for the Junior Prom, the major social function of the year, are gradually being formulated, and the Junior Executive promises its guests a dance that will long be remembered.

A unique and colorful decorative scheme has been worked out, with the fantastic underworld as its motif, and John Bowman's orchestra will be in attendance. The dance will be from 9 till 1, with 14 dances and 4 supper extras. The first supper will be after the eighth dance, and the second after the tenth. Waltzes will be the first, third, sixth, eighth, tenth, twelfth and fourteenth.

PREFERENCE will be as follows: Paid-up Juniors, Faculty Graduates, Seniors, Freshmen and unpaid Juniors.

The position of unpaid Juniors on this preference list points its own moral. The fee is nominal this year, and entitles paid-up members to place their pictures in the Year Book also. So, Juniors, pay any member of your Executive, now!

Now that Initiation has been dispensed with, the boys must find some outlet for their exuberant spirits (spirits imbued annually at the Engineers' banquet and other functions). Class '34 has always been one to make class elections go with a bang. Their methods of soliciting votes would make a U.S. politician green with envy. In fact, so dynamic and forceful are their election drives that this year they seem to have roused the Foolish Frosh and the Sleepy Soph from their habitual lethargic state. Other elections passed before the members of the respective classes realized the fact—but they were not caught napping this time—oh, no!

Others took advantage of this heaven-sent opportunity offered by

Class '34 elections, and showed that they too could (if they tried) mark X opposite any name on the ballot. So wholeheartedly did they turn out that the ballot boxes were bulging by noon, and the seniors could hardly squeeze their own votes in. We have Freshmen this year thought they always held the opinion that they were seniors, but it never entered our heads that they would give their invaluable assistance to their most illustrious upper classmen at the ballots.

The Seniors, however, may decide that they will hold a re-vote, hoping to dispense with the mischievous antics of their academic inferiors, and they are praying for the chance to elect a president amongst themselves.

German Nationalism Viewed As Threat to World Peace

PUNSTERS ENLIVEN OPEN FORUM

"Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf," Queries Obstinate Opposition in Attacking Resolution

The Debating Society held its regular meeting in the Men's Common Room of the Arts Building last night, attended by about seventy-five people. The resolution, "Resolved that the recent revival of German Nationalism constitutes a threat to World Peace," was supported by Bert Ramelson, a well known debater, while opposing him was Ralph Zuar. Each were supported by various speakers, who were allotted three-minute periods each.

The meeting was opened by Ralph Collins, the Executive Debating President, who welcomed Mr. Fisher as Honorary President, couching his remarks in flattering terms. Mr. Fisher thanked him and wished the club good luck and good debating.

Opening the argument for the affirmative side, Mr. Ramelson, after defining briefly the terminology of the resolution, plunged into his topic. Firstly, he explained that all his information was from the press. Then he stated, "Hitler rose by continual chanting to gullible people." Quoting from "The Programme," a book by Hitler, he pointed out that if Hitler should live up to his election promises and unite Germany and Austria, war would result, since France would not consent to such a powerful neighbor. Also by quotation from "The German Crisis," by Knickerbocker, he showed that the average Nazi's views were anything but peaceful. In closing, he brought attention to the fact that Hitler's first budget called for 800,000,000 marks for armament.

Mr. Zuar, speaking for the negative, asked why the Germans would be so wholeheartedly in favor of nationalism if it meant war. He then described how Germany had been victimized by unscrupulous persons who mistranslated words, sentences and paragraphs to build up a case against Germany. Thirdly, Hitler's aim was to unify Germany, not to fight. "I have never had to talk about war as I have outside Germany," stated Mr. Zuar. "Following the rise of Hitler to a responsible position, the world was filled with talk of war. Germany talked peace, and her voice was drowned in the babel of war cries of rabid journalists." In conclusion, he said that peace can only be obtained by removing mutual distrust, economic warfare and political buccaneering.

Supporting these two speakers were several ambitious debaters, many of whom thought the opposite side was right, but thought the side they were on was easier to argue for. Among them, a certain Mr. Madison mentioned that Germany at one time had sixteen political parties.

"Twenty-five," interrupted someone. "O.K.—fifty!" beamed Mr. Madison.

C. K. Hurst, defending the negative, nearly broke up the meeting by commencing his address with "Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?" Another compared Germany's withdrawal from the League of Nations to a snubbed third baseman quitting a ball game. There were also a few second-class puns by other speakers. Then Mr.

Ramelson was given three minutes for his final rebuttal.

Mr. Fisher asked for subjects for the next debate, and the irrepressible Mr. Madison suggested, "Resolved it would be in the best interests of Canada to have a Lady Premier." But Larry Davis's suggestion, "Resolved that Canada's Destiny lies in North America, not the British Empire," was accepted.

The result of the popular vote acclaimed the affirmative side to be the victor of a good evening's debating, which it is reported was carried on later, even within the sacred portals of the Tuck Shop.

MUSICAL CLUB MEETS SUNDAY

Miss Helen Porter to Speak On Mozart

The University Music Club will hold its second monthly meeting on Sunday, November 26, at 3:30, in the studio at Heintzman Hall, 10139 Jasper Avenue.

A program on Mozart, at which Miss Helen Porter will be the guest speaker, has been arranged by Madame Le Saunier. Several of Mozart's compositions will be performed during the course of the discussion. These are:

1. Piano: (a) Fantasia in C Minor, (b) Gigue—Miss Sadie Chmelnit-sky.
2. Sonata in C for Violin and Piano—Miss Eleanor Agnew and Miss Zelma Moyer.
3. Sonata in D for two Pianos, First Movement—Miss Mary Drummond and Miss Chmelnit-sky.
4. Recordings of selected compositions for the voice.

The above items clearly indicate that this meeting will be one of unusual charm and pleasure to music lovers.

Students who are interested in joining the club are particularly invited to attend this meeting. Only University students, graduates and members of the staff are eligible for membership. Fees, which are payable at Sunday's meeting, have been set at fifty cents for students and one dollar for others.

The subject to be discussed at next month's meeting, it is announced, will be "Jazz."

I SAW THIS WEEK



Hugh Arnold practising his becoming smile and hearty handshake before his mirror in the Students' Union office.

"Boss" McCormick playing "gangsters" over in St. Joe's Nursery. The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi visiting the Thetas.

Ted Bishop and Bob Scott proposing "a toast" to the ladies.

Ken Smith talking.

Mary Smith listening.

Eddie (Rosie) Foy blushing (Oh, Ken, what did you say?).

Guy Morton talking to a girl—believe it or not.



THE GATEWAY

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"THE HEATHEN IN THEIR BLINDNESS . . ."

We have been urged, for some time, to adopt a more serious attitude; we have been criticized for our lack of interest in things political and our apathy towards those matters which are supposedly vital to our well being. Particularly have we been subject to attack by erudite visitors from the educated side of the Atlantic, who have deplored our inability to become definite entities in the realization of our glorious heritage. We have been accused of being over meticulous, nay, even fastidious, in our acceptance of the gifts showered on us by the commercial world. In addition, there has been the influence of a complicated economic condition—adversity, particularly in a financial form, proves an excellent moral astringent, resulting in a general exhortation to put less trust in material matters, and seek some modicum of comfort in the worth-while things of life.

All of which is very excellent in moderation. Constructive criticism serves as an excellent tonic—but the efficacy of a medicine is not improved by trebling the prescribed dose, and we are gradually showing the results of over-stimulation. This sudden concentration of diet has manifested itself in a peculiar form of mental indigestion. A certain grim pseudo-seriousness has invaded our midst, and hangs like a dismal fog, confining our vision—our viewpoint is limited not by what we believe, but by what we think we believe. There is a certain feeling abroad that to be sincere one must be intense; that the inexplicable mysteries of life must be approached in the frame of mind one adopts when going to the dentist. But most unfortunate of all, we seem to have lost entirely our sense of humor—people can, and even do yet, become indignant over views expressed in this paper. Laughter has apparently become synonymous with disrespect—while respect may only be exemplified by a blind, unswerving, dog-like devotion, which can tolerate no criticism. To be amused is to be cynical, and cynicism is the divine right of either the very old or the very young. In fact, we have placed the bread of life on such a high shelf that only a giraffe could derive much substance therefrom, while not only our necks, but our faces, are becoming gradually elongated.

Would it be possible to have a complete relapse, and indulge in a good hearty laugh—even though it were at ourselves.

—C. J. J.

WHY YELL?

The Scotch discovered the bagpipes; Alberta students discovered a Rooters' Club; both make the same funny noises. The bagpipes win battles, and yells win rugby games, sometimes. The bagpipes were a gift to the Scotch; the Students' Union pays the Rooters' Club \$36.00, which proves that the Scotch made the best deal.

The Rooters' Club are responsible for such things as:

"Whisper:

Oski—Wow wow.
Wiski—We we.
Holy—Mucky eye.
Holy—Bucky eye.
Alberta wow."

They whisper this, but soon forgetting all the niceties of civilized life and throwing all feelings for the human race to the winds, they begin all over again and roar the ditty. But what passes all understanding, they appear to enjoy it.

What would a visitor from Mars think of a rugby game with the interposition of such a concatenation of cacophonous caterwauls to innocently come onto the gridiron prepared to see a game between two university teams with university students as spectators, and then to have the mob suddenly throw a couple of "Wow wows" and a "Holy—Bucky eye" at him? Naturally he would think it was some great religious rite in the last throes of fanaticism, and being a sensible Martian he would turn tail and run.

However, no doubt his fears could quite easily be allayed by some such sensible explanation as, "Oh, no, they are merely the scream of the province giving voice to their natural exuberance of spirit. And those funny little mannikins pumping up and down out in



IF YER KNOWS
OF A BETTER 'OLE
GO TO IT

Oh, dismal day, and oh, most dire disgrace,
That you who write, must needs display your face.
Exhibit it embroidered with a smirk,
Colossus-like atop your feeble work.
And countenance, ah, most vain-glorious creatures,
A double heading for your foolish features.
But now enough, alas, my cup is full,
Black may be white, but "Taurus" still means bull.
Sad, sad is life, for tersely it appears,
They bray the loudest, who have longest ears.
—TEE WEE.

Mr. McCoppen—Pies? Say, young fellow, I made pies before you were born!

Ed Greene—Okay, okay! But why sell them now?

Ruth Peacock—Say, Lois, can I keep a diary?
Lois Brown—Why ask me? You can if you want to, I guess.

Ruth—Yes, but can I keep this perfectly thrilling one I found in your room?

Ship's Cook—Have you ever been on a ship before?
Jack Duggan (lying valiantly)—Sure. I used to be a gunner in the Navy.

Cook—Then you can start right in and shell the peas.

Gordon Wynne—Is my face dirty, or is it my imagination?

Jack Morrison—Your face isn't; I don't know about your imagination.

Thrilled Co-ed—Wilkie, dear, am I the first girl you ever kissed?

Lawrence Wilkinson—Yes, I learned to do that from a radio lecture last night.

Professor—Why are you so late, Mr. Maybank?
Maybank (after a hard night)—Well, I looked at myself in the mirror and I couldn't see myself, so I thought I must have gone to my lecture, and it wasn't until later that I noticed that the glass had fallen out of the frame.

It's sweet of you to tell me

That I am all in all,

That I'm the apple

Of your eye,

That I'm the rainbow

In your sky,

The à la mode

Upon your pie;

That I'm the works,

That I'm the guy

For whom you'd pass

The others by;

That I'm your Who,

Your Whence, your Why,

For whom you'd cry,

For whom you'd swear,

For whom you'd lie,

For whom you'd live,

For whom you'd die.

It's sweet of you to tell me

That I am all in all,

But whose are those large overshoes

I passed out in the hall?

Servant—The doctor is here, sir.
Professor Cook (absent-mindedly)—I can't see him. Tell him I'm sick.

Modesty

Both beautiful and dumb

My own true love must be.

Beautiful, so I'll love her—

And dumb, so she'll love me.

Rhapsody

As soon as day begins to dawn,
The meadow lark starts singing,
As soon as evening comes, a star—
The angel's lamp—starts swinging.
As soon as I am in the tub
The telephone starts ringing.

front are the cheer leaders."

These "yells" are not by any means confined to the rugby field. The pervade the whole University. Imagine three hundred sweet feminine voices raised in:

"Ki-yi, itiki, ki yi yip,
Wauneita, Wauneita, Zip, Zip, Zip,
War paint, Battle-axe, Peace-pipe, Gore,
Wauneita, Wauneita, Evermore."

The girls seem to be unable to forget their early Canadian history, or is it that they just can't curb their atavistic tendencies. The four English words are so packed with meaning: "War-paint," descriptive, perhaps, but why such pride in it? "Battle-axe," maybe it refers to the predatory instinct of womanhood; "Peace-pipe," the meaning seems slightly obscure; "Gore," perhaps the ladies could explain the reason for this term. The tradition of the Amazons has not been allowed to die out.

—D. M.



Savory Odors of Rat Overwhelm Professor

Once again the Shadow of Death armed, we are given to understand, with the customary sickle, has cast his shadow over the university.

A certain prominent member of the staff of the Chemistry Department upon entering his room the other day gave vent to the pronounced sniff with which he is wont to herald his comings and goings. He was reminded instantly that the human proboscis

is designed rather as a receptacle of odors than as a register of disdain. Reeling slightly and holding a hand to his brow, he staggered from the room.

Divining instantly that the smell was of organic origin, the Professor hastily summoned several colleagues whose batting averages in the organic league are well above par. But even they failed. The nature of the smell remained an elusive mystery.

The janitor was summoned. He approached. "Oh," he shouted, "rats."

And so it was.

The prominent professor is at present occupying temporary quarters.—McGill Daily.

Keeping Down Expenses

Members of a sorority at the University of Missouri who signed a pledge not to eat more than 15 cents

worth of food when they were out on dates, are finding themselves most popular, according to reports.

Pigeons Provide Students Excuse For Procrastination

Pigeons which have a habit of roosting on the hands of a tower clock at Normal University at Normal, Illinois, are giving students an alibi for being late for classes. The pigeons slow down the progress of the hands of the clock, with the result that it runs slow. When students report for classes late they contend they were going by the tower clock, and point to it as an alibi for their lateness.

University officials are considering a campaign of warfare on the pigeons.—Queen's University Journal.



November 20, 1933.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Might I first of all be permitted to excuse myself for not writing earlier that which follows. In Nov. 10 issue of The Gateway, Mr. Watkins seems to me, in spite of his abhorrence for Philosophy 2, to be afflicted with an excess of logic. For example, in connection with a previous article by Mr. Macdonald, he states that "they were not gallant, therefore they were cowards. They were cowards because they were too cowardly to be cowardly." No doubt this is very precise and exact to Mr. Watkins, but frankly I am puzzled. I believe that the last statement means that they, the soldiers, were cowards, because they were not brave enough to be cowards. Possibly it would do Mr. Watkins a bit of good to take Phil. 2 after all.

He then proceeds to describe in very illuminating style the horrors of war. I quote in part: "If you had your life taken from you by a sizzling shot through the stomach, or a cold bayonet through the ribs, etc., etc." Might I point out to my descriptive friend that this is the only reason why Mr. Macdonald said that the remembrance of war is an abomination.

Furthermore, he remarks on a patriotic themes as follows, "If patriotism should call Canada's sons to arms in defence of their country, their homes, their mothers and their sisters, you may stand aside as a glowing example of the greater courage, etc., etc." But, my dear Mr. Watkins would have us join the Hitler, the Stalins, and the other flamboyant nationalists in the glorification of the meanest, foulest butchery invented by sadistic mankind.

Mr. Watkins is then so presumptuous as to criticize the "shabby Muse" of Mr. Macdonald cited above. Would it not be better to look at his own? Is it not shabbier than shabby? Is it not concocted of all the stupid idiocies which the Vickers Armament Works and the Krupp Gun Manufactories are capable of instilling into such an intellectual as yourself, for example, Mr. Watkins? Ask yourself honestly: have you benefitted nothing from the last catastrophe, so that you would go and lay down your life for a thankless rabble of profiteers and scavengers, just because some second-rate poet sang colorless ditties breaking faith with somebody who died slaughtering somebody else.

Yes, when will we get rid of this shallow nationalism? It seems not until the last drop of human blood has been spilt, and the human race has convulsively ended its struggles. Let us, instead of a two minutes' silence, have a two hours' vilification of the destroyer of mankind—war.

Frankly,

N. SAFRAN.

November 18, 1933.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—I ask the favor of a very few lines of your space to say how much I appreciate the contribution of Mr. Fraser Macdonald a couple of weeks since on the subject of Remembrance Day. I thought so much of it that I took the opportunity to read it entire to the congregation of the little church over which I preside, on the Sunday following Remembrance Day, and found that it was greatly esteemed and valued by a number of them.

I hope Mr. Macdonald has not been unduly disturbed nor student opinion unduly influenced by the amazing blasts of perverted eloquence which his remarks provoked; as arguments they would justly merit something less than even mention. They were, however, instructive as revealing what opportunities for education and enlightenment exist at our very door.

Very truly yours,
W. H. ALEXANDER.

November 19, 1933.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—I have just read the delightfully illuminating article by Mr. G. M. Smith in the Correspondence section of The Gateway.

In this article he made, among others, the following most amusing statement, to wit:

"We were given a rifle and a bayonet with human bloodstains on them. We were shown how to thrust the bayonet and pull it out of the dead corpses. We were shown how to use a machine-gun, to put the death stare on countless numbers of people with but a squeeze of the trigger."

I am sorry, but I believe that Mr. Smith and his pacifist ideas have somewhat overshot the mark. By the tone of his letter, it is indicated that he took the C.O.T.C. course. I also have taken this training.

Firstly, in my experience, I have not found any human bloodstains on bayonet or rifle, except when a careless person may have dropped blood from a cut finger. If Mr. Smith is so sure that there are bloodstains on the equipment, I would suggest that the suspecting materials be analysed by some of our aspiring scientists, who desire a little laboratory experience.

Secondly, we were NOT trained to stick bayonets into any corpse, human, dummy or imaginary. Anybody who believes such a statement should refer to the orders or consult a member (preferably an officer) of the corps.

Nobody was forced to take machine-gun training. The use of the machine-gun came only in tactical exercises on paper, and the actual training was restricted to old members and others who desired it.

Now, Mr. Smith may believe the C.O.T.C. to be a remnant of barbarism in the University, which in-

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Vassar recently got out an injunction against a candy company for making "Vassar Kisses."

Today, a man must have at least 29 complete outfits to be well dressed. This was revealed at an exhibit of men's apparel in New York.

The proper means of loafing will be the subject of a new course of instruction offered this fall at Butler University, Indianapolis.

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CO-ED COLUMNS

To the Women's Editor
of The Gateway.

Dear Madam,—Having been aroused from my "dogmatic slumber" by your editorials, may I be permitted to pass a few comments on your page in general. First, let me assure you I never criticize where I do not first admire—perhaps that is a reason for my long silence.

Personally, I hate dill pickles! But, strange to say, I am not ashamed of it! In the superintellectualized atmosphere of Zimmerns, String Quartets and commodity dollars, I am a misunderstood mugwump. While your blasé co-ed columnists hypocritically disparage "shadowy substitutes," I am left to atrophy away, "starved for romance." Madam, may I be impertinent enough to suggest that writing what is merely "clever" is very boring and tiresome. As good a writer as Philip Guedela does not escape untouched from this accusation, and I am not sure even about Aldous Huxley, who wrote such "beautiful prose." Surely "to make" your columns something more is needed than a veneer of sophistication and cynicism, an ability to babble nonsense about nude colonies or James Joyce or the infatuated enthusiasm of "teen-aged children." But I was forgetting—I hate olives as well as dill pickles. Really, is there any need for your columnists to reform this disjointed world? Must I wave a red flag or write in The Gateway to be saved from the stigma of inertia? Is there no haven where one can simply "have sport" in one's own quiet way? Is it a crime to worship the dainty femininity of Heather Angel and Lilian Harvey or read the exquisite lyrics of James Elroy Flecker and the poetic prose of Max Beerbohm? But probably your assistants have never even read a line by these authors—they are too busy doing things, and incidentally feeling very virtuous in abusing their superiors. Far be it from me to become righteously indignant over insults that were well meaning and perfectly harmless. But, for heaven's sake, don't start "henpecking" in your columns. Encourage rather the aesthetic, the literary, and would there really be any harm in having a really feminine column devoted to fashions, cosmetics and recipes? In short, why not make the co-ed columns really co-ed instead of aping the conceited plurality of some of the male writers.

In closing, let me plead for either liberty or love.

Yours in languid haste,
A SENIOR STUDENT.

(Editor's Note.—The reader may use his discretion in gauging the relative merits of the above epistle, spelling included.)

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Sides of bacon, automobiles, powder puffs and tooth brushes—anything may arrive on our modern markets, crisp in a cellophane gown. It's a protective covering—dust and other small annoyances may be kept at a respectful distance. Its translucent veil also stimulates interest in the contents—the mystery in the ever-so-slightly unknown piques us. We long to pierce it and demand its secret. It somehow savours of a purity and worth which are not necessarily present.

Most of us are cellophaned. Like "Candy Krisps" or veiled ladies of the East, we all bear a caul. Often it's carefully cultivated—years of pose will result eventually in a perfect sophist. A thin polish of veneer gives the original a gloss of attractiveness and unattainableness.

Sometimes the cellophane is so cloudy that the contents can't be seen at all, unless the wrapping gets torn on a rough spot, and a split second reveals the true market value.

Of course, Shakespeare invented the idea (if one may mention Shakespeare and cellophane in one breath), but as he didn't know enough about wood pulp and chemistry he couldn't cash in on it, and so died in a little place called "Stratford-on-Avon," after muttering words about "All that glitters . . ." and "A goodly apple rotten . . ."

We must cease ere we incur the further ill graces of our correspondent, who shudders at a possible moral lesson looming on the horizon. There are some people who just won't listen to golden texts. Maybe his grandmother read him too much of Aesop and Lafontaine when he was a little boy.

Wonder if he's been good since.

MODERN POETRY

For those who decry the lack of poetic genius today one feels a pitying wonder. We are not going to prove to them their folly by waxing enthusiastic over the patriotic rhymes of Mr. Kipling, the plain honest verse of John Masefield, or the delightful fantasies of de La Mare; for against the rich tapestry of English poetry they may appear very sombre indeed. But it is with pardonable pride that we speak of Stephen Vincent Benét, whose book "John Brown's Body" is surely the most colorful symphony of words of its kind since Euripides. From starkly realistic passages to delicate lyric choruses, it is dealt with by a master hand.

It is true, perhaps, that this poet is the one brilliant one of many. But it would be false to say that the many are mediocre. Sandburg, Nichols, Sara Teasdale, Amy Lowell are but a few of those whose work is worthy of the sincerest praise. Edna St. Vincent Millay's best known poem is that little four-line one:

"My candle burns at both ends,
It will not last the night.
But ah, my foes, and oh, my
friends,

It shows a lovely light."
This simplicity is the keynote of modern poetry: a simplicity of language, construction and thought that equals that of Wordsworth, yet has a greater appeal than any of the work of the

Wordsworthian school.

It is not only in the "slim volumes" that those who seek the laurel wreath so tentatively put forth nor yet in the assured safety of anthologies that we find the good poetry. But in newspapers and magazines we see obscure corners graced by a little thought or whimsy in rhyme, that immediately delights our fancy. An example of this is Osbert Sitwell's "Clavichords," a lovely expression of a reflective mood.

It must be admitted that the sickly sentimentalities of some popular verse has blurred the otherwise clear harmony of our modern bards. But, withal, it is a fascinating melody; sometimes gay, sometimes sad; often whispering that note of decadence, futility, often soaring into the sublimity of perfection.

It is not loyalty alone that makes us prefer the voice of our own poets to that of the last few centuries. For have we not absorbed their precision, their vibrancy, their aesthetic qualities, and added to it something entirely original, that is an inexplicable part of our age, and produced work just as lovely. Degree of beauty is a matter of opinion, but the fundamentals always remain positive, so I think we are perfectly justified in saying that the trend of modern poetry is upward.

—F. M. J.

What Did the Depression Do to Your Nerves?

(Condensed from an article by Dr. S. Cowles in November Red Book.)

Nearly twenty years ago medical officers in France discovered something entirely new to them. They called it shell shock. It was not new. It was not caused by bursting shells. The real cause was fatigue.

Consider conditions familiar to us all today. Smith has the jitters—Brown went "hay-wire" all over the place—Jones was practically "barmy" at the office today. These sayings are all common to us.

And more serious news—Jackson has been sent away to pull himself together, Johnson is paralyzed—only temporarily, we hope. Evans stepped off a roof.

What was "shell shock" in 1914 and after, is "Depression Shock" today. This shock, the result of the last four years of depression, exists on a gigantic scale today. It ranges all the way from fixation in "depression blues" to quite serious and even fatal illnesses. Most of the victims are wholly bewildered—totally unaware of the causes of their ailments.

The very foundation of health is a feeling of mental and bodily security. This feeling of security has been lost for many, and mental insecurity is quickly reflected in physiology. Worry, strain, boredom, suspense, anxiety, fear, intense emotions of any kind exhaust the vitality of their nervous system as surely as any excessive physical exercise exhausts the muscle cells.

True health may be described as unselfconsciousness. The first step in departure from unselfconscious health is a feeling of consciousness—a feeling of unbalance. The next step towards the jitters is that you begin to feel your feelings and you

begin to worry about that. At this point you begin defeating yourself. Sags in nervous energy are usually accompanied by increased emotionalism. You have a greater inclination to worry—a tendency to build up fear. Once started, this process tends to become automatic, a thing of physiology. It builds up as cell fatigue advances. If you can only understand the mechanism of what is happening, that you are feeling your feelings and that you are only receiving a hint that you should rest, you will understand. And you can rest. And nothing can make the human body function smoothly without rest.

The impact of the depression on the nation's nerves has been incalculable. And the imprint of Depression Shock has been enduring for reasons which are purely physiological.

The ailments afflicting a victim of depression shock are not imaginary. They are functional rather than organic. They have been caused by nerves, and only by the treatment of the nervous system can they be cured.

The mechanics of a nervous breakdown can be illustrated easily. Assume that the energies of the nerve cell are represented by the figure 100. Nerve cell depletion down to the figure 80 might be described as "normal tear and wear." Ordinarily, if causes of strain relax, nights of rest restore energies, balance and health, worries will vanish.

Strain for many has not relaxed, and they live unhappily around the borderline of 80. Many others have developed a definitely fixed psychoneurosis, while some whose nerve energy has been depleted in some cases below the figure 60, have become melancholia cases.

There is a definite cycle by which you may know that you are approaching the danger zone. Strain, fatigue, increasing emotionalism, sleeplessness, indigestion, and a further decrease in both nerve and body cell energies. You feel physically as well as mentally exhausted. The patient tries to translate the feelings that he fears. A flutter becomes heart failure. But if you can understand the mechanism of nervous exhaustion and lose your fear of it, you can overcome it.

1. Remember that your symptoms—the various sensations that have frightened you—begin as warnings. Heed them.

2. Stop fearing your feelings.

3. Rest.

4. Seek more recreation, more social companionship. These turn the mind outward away from consciousness of body feelings.

5. Avoid excesses. Remember that you are tired all over. Your body

PREVIEW

By L. A. W.

Stars! Stars! Stars! All appearing in one great evening's entertainment! The most stupendous galaxy of beauty and talent ever assembled in one show! A Hollywood premiere? No! The Interyear Plays? Of course!

The first feature of a smashingly successful program is the Freshman play, "The Man in the Bowler Hat." Of the two feminine roles, Marie Boileau handles expertly the larger part, that of Mary, a very ordinary middle-aged woman, staid, unexciting, with trifles her largest interest in life, and a hidden yearning for adventure and romance. How she gets it forms the gripping theme of the story. Gertrude Ellert, as the "Heroine," with a good speaking voice and winning appeal, makes a small part into a real drawing card.

Brimming with smartness is "The Finishing Touch," a clever little drama by Parker Kent, one of our very own dramatists. Mary Howard, the strong-minded young lady who cunningly manages both the professor and his polish, is played by Vivian Hood, one of the most promising newcomers to dramatic circles. Alternating between girlish romanticism and sophisticated modernity, the driving power behind her dreamy, impractical Hubert, she is full of surprises. Norah Young, as Mrs. Morrow, is the up-and-coming wife of a hard-headed business executive, and, in the few minutes that she is on the stage, her warm-hearted personality makes itself felt, and endears her to the audience. Margaret Thompson makes the most of a small role, that of the pert little maid.

The thunder of drums and the tempo of "The Clod," the powerful quick beat of horses' hoofs set the story of the Civil War in the United States, chosen by the Junior class. The stellar role, the very difficult one of "The Clod," is taken by Mary McKenzie. Stolid, drab, a mere slatternly drudge, in Mary's capable hands it becomes tremendously effective. Her swift awakening to passion when goaded beyond endurance demands fine acting—and receives it.

A poignant portrayal of war-torn lives is "Black 'Ell," the Senior play. The various types of feminine characters are delicately drawn, and, under the fine touch of the actresses, live beneath our eyes. Magdalena Polley, as Mrs. Gould, the middle-aged mother of a soldier son, brings pathos in her terror lest her son be killed, and her longing for his safe return. Jean, his sweetheart, as acted by Marian Clarke, is maternal, loving, and beautiful in her soft gentleness. Hazel Wilkinson, as Margery Willis, makes a striking contrast, with her brisk, efficient and militaristic bearing, and her breezy brusqueness. But perhaps the most appealing study in the whole play is that given by Edith Gibson as the piquant Cockney maid, Ethel. Though not a very large part, its worth has been realized to its utmost possibilities. Bravely trying to fight down her fears for her young man at the front, she paints a richly human portrait.

Judging by these plays, our stars possess real dramatic talent. Be on the watch for an evening of glorious entertainment!

and nerve cells are below par in vitality and endurance.

6. Try some hobby or an avocation. They will challenge your attention. This breaks the chain of strain provided by the routine of your life.

By understanding the earlier stages of nerve fatigue and casting fear of them out and by studying their rest problem, most individuals will find it possible to halt this devastating cycle and restore themselves to health.

Nerves, mild or acute, existing as deep fatigue were in part responsible for the continuation of the depression. There were times when leaders asked where confidence had gone. It lay buried in the physiology. Lack of confidence was not merely a state of mind—it had become a state of body. The worries and fears of the period had become fixed, in actual physiological habit reactions among the nerve and body cells. Therefore it was not sufficient for the leaders to say, "Believe again." People wanted to believe, but they found it difficult to do so for reasons that were quite physiological. And so that feeling of security which is national confidence eluded us.

The rewards for victory over your nerves will be great. The alternative will be distressing. Those who retain or regain balanced health have the better chance of leading the procession as recovery advances.

—I. W.

CO-ED SPORT

By J. F.

At the last general meeting of the Edmonton Girls' Basketball League the Varsity quintet were officially registered to play in the "A" Division for the coming season. Other contenders are the Comets, the Eskimos and the Mutart Lumber girls. They say these teams are practically of the same playing calibre—so fans are assured some warmly contested games.

However, after a few more energetic work-outs under Coach Parney, Varsity hopes to have an edge over all their opponents.

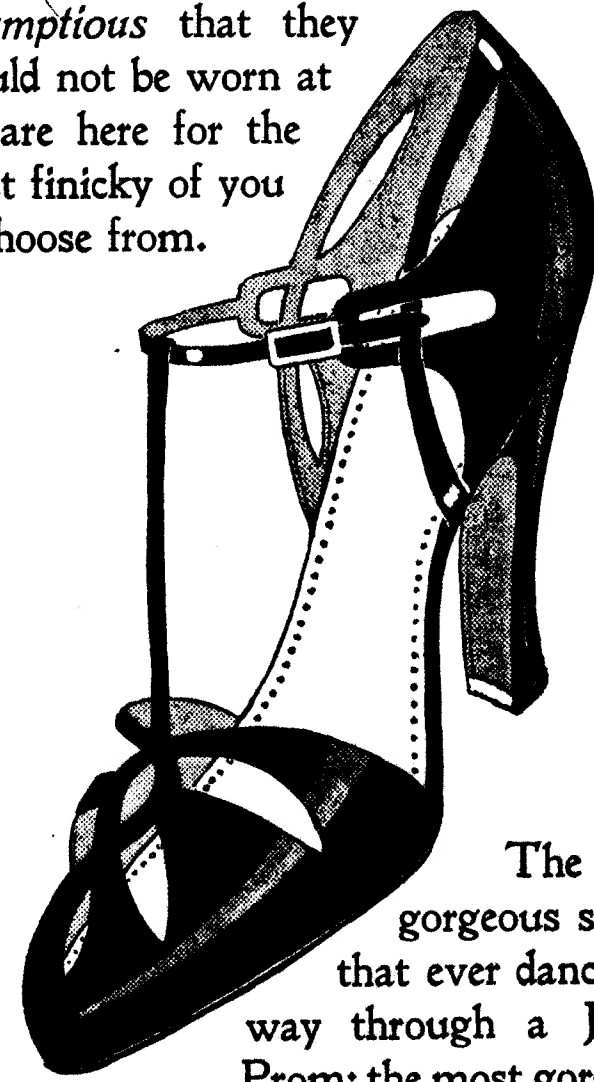
Games will be played under boys' rules. The motion for a proposed

(Continued on Page Six)

To the Return of Gaiety --
A Toast!



Evening Gowns that will be seen at the smartest dances; that are so simply scrumptious that they should not be worn at all, are here for the most finicky of you to choose from.



The most gorgeous slipper that ever danced its way through a Junior Prom; the most gorgeous slipper that ever made your best friend just a wee bit jealous.

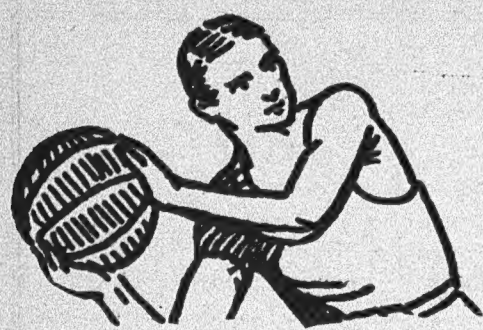
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SPORTS



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Everybody is welcome to play interfac hockey. Inability to play hockey is a mere detail. Do not hesitate to come out and get into a real sport. Last year interfac hockey was a great success. Let's make it greater this year.

The following is an outline of the organization and rules of interfac hockey, as decided at a general meeting in Arts 135, on November 7th:

Organization

1. The league shall be in two divisions:

Division A—The Senior division.
Division B—The Junior division.

2. Any faculty may enter a team or teams in either division. (Number of teams in both divisions A and B must be approximately equal.)

3. A committee of three, consisting of: Hon. Pres., Brother Phillip; President of Interfac Hockey, Ev Borgal; Manager of the B League, Don McLaws, shall settle all disputes and protests.

Rules

1. Students are eligible to play interfac hockey for the faculty in which they are registered.

2. Players may advance from B division to A division during the season, provided requirements herein-after stated are complied with.

3. Players having participated in more than two games in the A division must remain in that division throughout the season.

4. Players are eligible for interfac play-offs only if they have played in at least four scheduled games in their respective leagues.

5. Playing rules, A.A.A.A., except as regards the length of playing periods.

6. Games must start within five minutes from the time the ice is cleared. (Length of playing periods to be determined relative to the time at disposal.)

7. Any team not prepared to start play on scheduled time defaults the game.

8. A 24-hour notice must be given to the president of interfac hockey for the postponement of any game.

9. Postponed games shall be played at the end of the schedule, unless otherwise arranged satisfactorily.

10. Play-offs:

(a) The semi-finals: Play-off between leading teams and runners up, in each division.

(b) Finals: Play-off between the winners of division A and the winners of division B.

(c) Number of games in the play-offs to be arranged later.

Grading

A win constitutes 2 points.
A tie constitutes 1 point.

Division of Faculties

A Division—Arts, G. Blair manager; Science, A. Millar manager; Meds, Ray Trott manager; Pharm-Dents, N. Jennyjohn manager; Ag-Com-Law-Pharm, P. Thompson, manager.

B Division—Arts, Science, Med-Dents, Education, — Kostash manager; Ag-Com-Law-Pharm.

Official referees: Brother Phillip, Jack Lyons.
Wanted: Three men from each faculty to act in executive capacities. Please apply to managers of respective faculties.

Players on the University of Hawaii football team wear no shoes, but develop great accuracy in kicking and can punt fifty yards with ease.

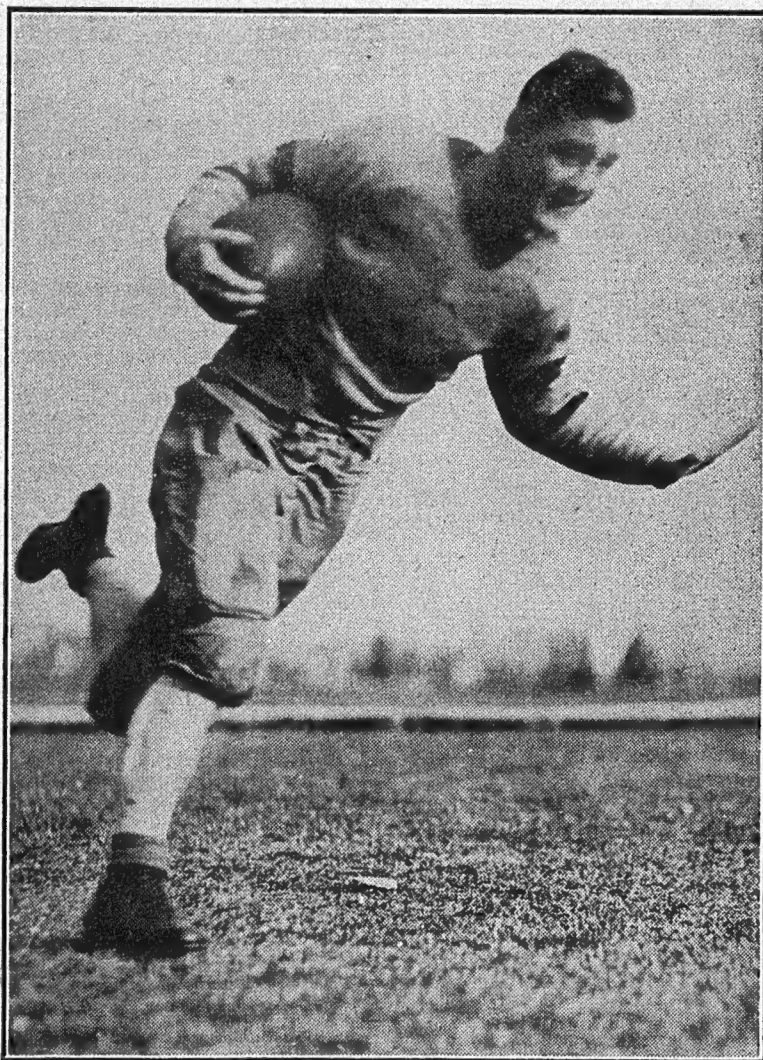
If anyone doubts what football costs physically, let him ask Ed Anglemyer, Indiana tackle. Anglemyer goes into a game weighing 210 pounds and comes out weighing 200.

Every time a Colgate University player blocks a kick or makes a touchdown in a game, Coach Andy Kerr presents him with a new hat.

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OUR NOMINEE FOR HALL OF FAME



PETE RULE

SPORTING SLANTS

By George Casper

The senior basketball squad, under the direction of Coach Arnold Henderson, is shaping up well considering the losses they have suffered since last year, due to graduation.

However, if training continues as it is going on now, there will be no fear of the Golden Bears not carrying off the provincial basketball title this year.

While speaking of basketball, it is hoped that there will be no such upheaval in the city league as took place last year, due to the fact that a certain Varsity student insisted on playing for an over-town team against Varsity.

Christmas vacation may mean roast turkey and long morning sleeps to the majority of the students, but if this present fine weather continues for long, it will mean a week of gruelling practices for Al Wilson's senior hockey team.

Although the loss of Al Hall is very regrettable, it is rumored that there is some very remarkable material to be obtained from the Freshman class, especially in the form of Jack Talbot, stalwart defence man of the Imperials last year, and the Earle brothers, who formerly played for Vernon.

Despite the lack of ice at the present time, Ev Borgal is rapidly whipping interfac hockey organization into shape, and from all appearances the teams will be ready to take the ice as soon as the weather changes.

This year, with two divisions consisting of five teams each, there should be room for everyone to play who is in any way interested in hockey.

There is some doubt at present as to whether a fourth team will be available to complete the Big Four schedule, since the Students' Council have withdrawn. If no other team is forthcoming it will result in a three-team league, consisting of the Professors, The Gateway and the Year Book.

RUGBY

TRACK-SOCCER-INTERFAC.

Garnishee on Caution Money

The Central Check is hounded because some player has lost a button off HIS shirt or the laces (badly worn) out of HIS shoes, or the "hole in the heel" of HIS socks, and often HE wonders what happened to the shine on HIS belt buckle, and becomes peeved if it is not found or righted immediately. But—when he is asked to return some of the equipment belonging to the student body (for which every student pays), why such a thing is too trifling for HIM to bother with. However, in the spring when HE cannot get HIS Caution Money because his card is not clear, then the Central Check or his assistant hear one of the many sob-stories, all of which may be summed up in the expression, "Someone else took it, someone else took it." Still no Caution Money unless HIS card is cleared.

Why wait till spring to find out what "Someone else took"? Turn in all of what you have, and if you have someone else's equipment with yours, bring it along; it can be checked in as well.

Swimming Club

The Varsity swimming season opened last Wednesday night with a bang, when the men had their first swim of the winter. The large number at the Y.M.C.A. is a very strong indication that this is going to be one of the most successful years in the club's history.

This year the club has succeeded in obtaining both the Y.W.C.A. and the Y.M.C.A. pools, and this will result in overcoming the supreme difficulty of past years, that of there being lack of room for the large numbers turning out. Another advantage is that there will be more individual training, as the ladies and men will be trained at different times. The days for men are Wednesdays and those for ladies Fridays. The coach will be present at all turn-outs, and this gives all prospective swimmers a wonderful opportunity.

Many of last year's swimming stars are back again this year, and with the addition of several Freshmen who have a great deal of ability, this year's men's team should be very strong, and little fear of the team discontinuing its feats of other years is felt.

MEDS BRING AGS TO THEIR KNEES

First Encounter Sees Meds Hand Ags a 38-22 Setback

Led by "Scoring Jack" Lees, who accounted for 21 of his team's 38 points, the Meds won their first game of the season. Starting out to even things up for their loss to P-C-L, Ags had the game very much their own way during the first few minutes of the game. Davidson, who was the outstanding player on the Aggies' team, combined with McFadden to put his team in the lead. The Aggies at this stage played a passing game which should have resulted in points, but for lack of scoring ability, and here the Meds stepped into slowly but steadily roll up a score of 23 points to the Aggies 10 by half time.

Play was more even during the second half. Ted Graham, on the Med defence, besides breaking up rush after rush of the Aggies, had time to pick up 12 points as his contribution to the team total. Often during this half the enthused energetic efforts of some of the players brought to mind visions of Ghost rugby intermingled with a tumbling display. Really, folks, you should come up and see some of the games, but let's continue. Ronny Peake, McFadden and "Red" Davidson were putting all they had into the game, and all but held the Meds even during the half. Parsons, jumping at centre for the Meds, was indirectly responsible for a majority of the Med scores, although scoring but once himself. Ormsby

SENIOR HOCKEY TRAINING UNDER WAY

Although there is not even a suggestion of ice, the senior hockey club is already under way. This year the coaching position, left vacant by the departure of Al Hall for another university, is ably filled by Al Wilson. Coach Wilson, fresh from a marked success with the Varsity rugby team, is losing no time in getting his men into the physical condition which has been so notably lacking in all Varsity teams for the past few years. Daily workouts are being held in the gymnasium, and anyone desirous of turning out are urged to lose no time in reporting.

With the return of the Superiors to local competition, it is expected that a much greater interest will be shown this year than last, and the senior team is apparently going to justify a lot of new interest. The team will be much stronger than last year, Don Gibson ably filling the only vacancy, that left by Al Hall.

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worked hard, but was too closely checked to get more than two baskets. "Chubby" Woodcock and "Jawn" Shipley, as referee and judge of play, handled the game in a manner which left no reason for complaint.

The lineups:
Meds: Lees 21, Graham 12, Ormsby 4, Parsons 1, Rodbourne.
Ags: Davidson 14, McFadden 7, Hall 1, Peake, Graham.

Interfaculty B.B. Standing			
	P.	W.	L.
Ags	2	0	2
Arts	2	1	1
P-C-L	2	1	1
Meds	1	1	0
Sci	1	1	0

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McGILL

In the following brief account of McGill University I shall touch on a few of the more striking impressions I obtained during the short time at McGill last session. I had in mind a comparison with our own University, but as this side is obvious, I have left it for the reader to supply. As I am stating personal observations I shall not vouch for their accuracy in details.

The location of McGill must certainly strike any western student. Arriving in Montreal, as one steps from the station into the busy commercial centre, he needs go but very few blocks before suddenly finding himself on the University campus. There it is in the heart of the city, hemmed in on three sides by compact city blocks and on the remaining side by the steep wooded slope of Mount Royal. Within a radius of five minutes are shops of all descriptions—from Woolworth's to Eaton's, from Rexall's to Henry Birks'; the leading theatres—vaudeville and talkie, French or English; gay cafes instead of the Tuck, "refreshment parlors" to delight the engineers, and jazz cabarets for those "stepping out."

But it wasn't always so central. Only fifty years ago Sir William Dawson, then principal, was obliged to carry his groceries a mile or more because the university was beyond the delivery zones of the grocers. Who knows but that fifty years hence students of Alberta will have little occasion to cross the High Level on Saturday afternoons and on evenings before holidays.

McGill is an endowed university. Hence it seeks the pleasure and approval, not of the government, but of the elite in St. James Street. It owes the existence of its many buildings largely to eminent Canadian business men of the past. Notable among these are: Sir William Macdonald, former tobacco magnate, to whom McGill is indebted for its splendid Physics, Chemistry and Engineering buildings, as well as Macdonald Agricultural College at St. Anne's; Mr. Redpath for the spacious library and a museum; Mr. Molson (noted for his ale) for the modern fully equipped stadium; Lord Strathcona for the medical buildings; and particularly John McGill, early merchant in Montreal, whose will made possible the founding of the university. At present McGilliads are hoping that a Beatty or a Holt will supply them

Brighter Sunday Evenings

By E. S. Keeping

When you are faced with the problem of entertaining some guests after dinner on a Sunday evening, the chances are that you will once more get out the bridge table and the score pads. But if it happens that the Hebrew Musical and Dramatic Club are putting on a show, you would be well advised to take your guests along after the coffee and cigarettes to the Talmud Torah Hall and buy them tickets for the performance. At least if the play "Counsellor-at-Law," which I saw last Sunday, is a fair sample of the work which this society can put on, your guests will be very critical indeed if they do not thoroughly enjoy the evening, in spite of having to sit for three and a-half hours in an overheated hall on hard and uncomfortable wooden chairs.

As anyone who knows the Talmud Torah Hall would agree, the stage is so cramped as almost to break any self-respecting producer's heart, and when you consider that this play contains twenty-eight characters and nine scenes, you will admire Mr. Ted Cohen's audacity in undertaking its production there at all. With most of the performers completely new to theatrical work, there is no doubt that the general level of competence, the lack of any noticeable drag, the smoothness of the whole production, and the way in which the emotional tension was sustained throughout, must reflect some pretty severe drilling in rehearsals, but the result is one that any amateur dramatic society might be proud of. I am glad to hear that the club contemplates repeating the performance next Saturday for the benefit of those who missed it before and are now regretting their mistake.

with a gymnasium.

It is more than a hundred years since the foundation of McGill. Time has wrought many changes and given rise to many traditions. Not without reason, McGilliads look back with evident pride to the past of their Alma Mater. They can be justly proud of the generous and far-sighted men who have left their mark on the visible university, and of the illustrious professors and graduates who have spread the fame of McGill. In front of the Arts building lies a grave and monument now nearly concealed by shrubbery. Around this on every October the sixth students gather for a brief service. It is Founder's Day, and the grave is that of John McGill.

Rutherford's is a name frequently mentioned in scientific circles. Dean Eve, of the Department of Physics, never tires of telling in detail the story of Dr. Rutherford's epoch-making experiments on the disintegration of radium. In particular he tells how Rutherford's assistant chanced to blow some air from the vicinity of a piece of radium toward an electroscope, causing an immediate deflection, which led them on to the now famous discovery and investigation of radium emanation.

Among other famous names are those of Frederick Soddy, co-worker of Rutherford's, and William Osler, illustrious graduate, who became a great figure in the science of Medicine.

I am so often asked about the atmosphere at McGill that perhaps a word or two should be said before I conclude, though I would prefer to write about its weather. That there is a marked difference compared to our university is certain. Part of this is attributable to the more conservative and English attitude of Eastern Canada with its greater degree of aloofness and in part to groupism among the students. Cliques, clubs and fraternities dominate their after-lecture associations, and many of the campus activities. There is rather little mingling outside of the group. The thirty some odd fraternities appeared to form the greatest single factor contributing to this groupism. But though at first a stranger feels a stranger and hospitality appears wanting, once he breaks through that "eastern veil" the people become as kind and friendly as the best of our westerners.

L. KUNELIUS.

"Counsellor-at-Law" is Mr. Elmer Rice's latest dramatic success, and the club is fortunate in securing so early the necessary permission to produce it. It is the story of George Simon, or "G.S.," as his friends affectionately call him, a prominent and successful Jewish lawyer in New York, a man to whom his profession means everything in life, who has by sheer hard work and ability pulled himself up from the gutter to a Fifth Avenue office, and who suddenly finds himself faced with the prospect of disbarment because he once, years before, connived at the framing-up of an alibi. The man who committed the perjury, now serving a life sentence, has confessed to the parole board. Although indefensible from the point of view of legal ethics, the offence seems morally justifiable enough, since it prevented a youngster, guilty of several petty thefts, from getting a life sentence and helped him to start afresh and keep straight. Unfortunately, however, it has come to the notice of a bitter enemy of Simon's, Francis Clark Baird, also a prominent lawyer, but a man of quite different type. He is an aristocrat, "one of the Connecticut Bairds," in fact, intensely jealous of the fame and success of this Jewish nobody, and rejoicing at the heaven-sent opportunity of sticking a knife into him.

Simon tries wire-pulling, but without avail. The supreme court judge, whose nomination he himself secured, is full of sympathetic words, but will do nothing. Simon's wife, Cora, with whom he was planning to go to Europe on a holiday trip to celebrate the fifth anniversary of their wedding, is completely selfish, and thinks only of her own comfort and social position. She will not even postpone the trip to Europe, to see what happens to her husband, the fact being that she is much more interested in a Mr. Roy Darwin, an elegant, even though financially embarrassed, young man of her own social class. She was apparently once carried off her head, to the extent of eloping with Simon, by the latter's vivid and impetuous personality, and has never ceased to regret it. Her two children by a former husband have been brought up as perfect little prigs, to look down socially on their stepfather and to regard him mainly as a provider of money for expensive movie-cameras and the like. In desperation Simon employs a man who works for him about the courts, and shadow Francis Clark Baird and see who is completely devoted to him, to if anything can be discovered against the latter. To Simon's great jubilation the faithful McFadden finds out that Baird is leading a double life, and brings back, by effective if illegal means, a packet of letters and photographs that establish beyond any doubt the paternity of a child that the high-and-mighty Francis Clark Baird would hate to have to acknowledge. The plan works beautifully, and Baird climbs down. The boat on which Simon's wife is going to England is almost due to sail, and Simon, excited and happy, gets in touch with her by phone at the pier level to tell her that everything is now all right, that she can get her baggage off the boat, and that they will both go away together in a week or two. He is dumbfounded to find that she is nevertheless leaving right away, and that Roy Darwin is on the same boat. The realization of his wife's indifference shatters to bits the buoyant mood induced by his relief from the nightmare of disbarment. In this black hour only the timely appearance of his devoted lady secretary saves him from jumping from the office window and putting an end to it all, but then comes the sound of the telephone bell, an urgent personal message from a millionaire whose son is charged with murder, and gradually the prospect of the work that means so much to him brings him back from the depths of despair to his customary jaunty and confident self, and we leave him rushing off

(Continued on Page Six)

D. H. LAWRENCE: Last Poems

By E. J. H. Greene

Academic criticism I have read or heard of this last work of Lawrence is without exception confined to the dry remark, "Very interesting, but it's not poetry. As if it mattered. Academic critics are soulless creatures, spiritually impotent. Here is the soul of a dying man laid bare; here are recorded his last struggles to reconcile himself to a fast approaching death, angry scoldings, preachings, the last flowerings of his genius. It is all intensely interesting and thought provoking. Whether it be 'poetry' or not is a minor consideration."

It is a truism that readers never see more in a writer than their limitations allow them to see. And a great many of Lawrence's readers have quite definite limitations. Indeed, one might almost say he has been victimized by his public. Repressed souls, hungry for excitement, have vicariously enjoyed certain thrilling experiences and reaped much satisfaction by reading his novels. And so Lawrence has a great reputation as an iconoclast and a daring realist. One mentions his name with a significant smirk, accompanied by a vague disturbance in the solar plexus.

This is, of course, a vulgar and uncritical view of Lawrence. At bottom he was a mystic—this is everywhere evident in these last poems of his. The essence of Lawrence is an extreme sensitiveness to that mysterious thing called Life, to what Wordsworth called "unknown modes of being." Lawrence was ever and always conscious of the dark presence of otherness, or of the "living darkness," as he named it. "The gods that made us are greater than our consciousness, and we, we are mostly unexplored hinterland and our consciousness is a spot of light in a great but living darkness." This otherness, this pulsating darkness, not only surrounds us, but exists in us. The sexual impulse is a core of dark light, impersonal and fundamental, burning within us; it is Life, divine, unknowable, wonderful.

The comprehension of this mysticism is essential to an understanding of Lawrence and of his judgments of humanity and institutions. The life that springs within us is impersonal and beyond responsibility; it is, or it should be, the great moving force of our beings. It goes deeper than individuality—

"Not I, not I, but the wind that blows through me.
If only I let it bear me, carry me,
if only it carry me."

Now we can understand more completely Lawrence's wholesale condemnation of men. The bulk of mankind, he drums continually in our ears, is dead, for people deny the life that is in them. They withdraw to that bright world of light, that home-made world of human habits, customs, the world of consciousness; they are afraid of the dull dark rumblings of life within them. Yea, verily, this is the fault of men, that they love the light rather than the darkness. As a result, most people become mechanical little egoists, "who wind their energy round the idea of themselves and so strangle off their connection with the ceaseless tree of life." The world is full of soulless robots going "Squeak! Squeak! I am all things unto myself, yet I can't be alone. I want somebody to keep me warm."

We must obey, says Lawrence, not the light, but the life that is within us. Until men cease to base their lives on lies—"the nasty pretence of seeming to feel what we don't feel"—the world will be full of these superficial mechanical egoists, forever disgruntled. The important thing is to root yourself in life and open your eyes to the gods.

Perhaps the best of these last poems are those in which Lawrence effects his reconciliation with death. "Blue Gentians" and "The Ship of Death" are of unquestionable beauty: "Now it is autumn and the falling of fruit
And the long journey towards oblivion . . ."

Lawrence lived and died a pagan, and the genuine pagan joie de vivre permeates much of his poetry. This last quotation shows his mystic and pagan delight in the life of the senses:

"But all the time I see the gods:
The man who is moving the tall white corn,
Suddenly, it curves, as it yields, the white wheat
And sinks down with a swift rustle, and a strange, falling flatness,
Ah! the gods, the swaying body of god!
Ah! the fallen stillness of god, autumns, and it is only July,
The pale gold flesh of Priapus dropping asleep."

Students at the University of Oregon are hearing a series of lectures on love and marriage by a minister in Portland. The history of marriage is developed from the beginning of time to the present. Present requirements for marital bliss have been enumerated.—Queen's University Journal.

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—J. W. W.

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3. Only six more days till Dec. 1—your picture must be in by that date. So hurry, hurry, and still hurry.
4. Clubs and Executives: Deadline date for your pictures is likewise Dec. 1. Act now.
5. Where are those snaps of campus scenes and campus students? If you haven't taken any yet, get your cameras working overtime, and place the snaps in the section of the Evergreen and Gold box labelled "Snaps."
6. All we want is your picture. The Year Book looks after all layouts, art work, cuts, etc.
7. Let's co-operate and get the Year Book out on time—April 1? O.K. Let's go!



BRIGHTER SUNDAY
EVENINGS

(Continued from Page Five)

with the never-wearied secretary to get busy on the new case. His wife can hang.

The scene of the play alternates between the outer office of the law firm of Simon and Tedesco, and George Simon's private office within. Six times the scene changes over, and so six times all the office furniture including a heavy telephone switchboard had to be cleared off the stage, and a new set of more comfortable-looking furniture for the private office brought on. This was done from the front of the stage, with the lights lowered, and was accomplished with a celerity that would have pained the secretary of the furniture removers' trade union if he had happened to be present. Even so, of course, these changes lengthened the play considerably.

The ideal arrangement would be a revolving stage on which both sets could be permanently displayed, but after all limitations of space on the small stage made some of the entrances and exits a little awkward, but the life of the busy law office, with its constant passing to and fro of postmen, office boys, stenographers, secretaries and clients was vividly portrayed.

trayed. These minor characters in the play are not mere accessories. They are human beings, with their own vanities and foibles, jealousies and quarrels and friendships and admiring. As in "Street Scene," so here Elmer Rice takes a random collection of commonplace people and shows us how much of laughter and tears there really is in their ordinary everyday lives. All the characters in this play are alive, and we feel interested in them and their fate, no matter how little they contribute towards the main action of the play. That switchboard operator, for instance, who chews gum so persistently and is so fond of Russian dressing on her lunch—was it Fred or someone else who got her into trouble, and did she find the doctor she was looking for to get her out of it? Alas, we shall never know. But it is a tribute not only to Elmer Rice, but also to the acting of Sophie Ratner that we should like to know.

There are so many minor characters in this play that it is impossible to discuss all of them here. I liked particularly the acting of Harvey Kagna as Harry Becker, the Communist agitator who had his head broken by the police and ranted about the class war in true soap-box style. An admirable piece of delicate and restrained acting was that of Beck Bloomfield as Becker's mother, so worried, poor old soul, by her boy getting into the hands of the police, and come to plead with George Simon as an old friend of the family to help him out. David Simon, George's worthless spendthrift brother, who is always "just happening" to get into a crap game and always being helped out of his pecuniary troubles by George, was very amusingly played by Irving Lyons, who thoroughly deserved the ovation he received for his brief but delightful performance.

Sarah Yampolsky, as Simon's old mother, so proud of her brilliant son, gave an accomplished performance, and looked almost as old as she was supposed to be, no mean feat considering the part she played last year in "See Naples and Die." Charles Sweetlove as McFadden, the man who does a bit of amateur detective work and house-breaking, acted as well as we have come to expect him to act, which is saying a good deal. His recital of the shadowing of Francis Clark Baird to his impatient employer was one of the richest things in the play.

Charles Knight as the Tammany Hall politician, Peter J. Malone, carried it off as well as his lack of the requisite age and avoirdupois would permit. A very convincing performance was that of Earl Lyons as the junior partner, John Tedesco. He hadn't a great deal to do, but it was well done. Tedesco, like his partner, is a man of the people, and all his sympathy goes out to Simon in his struggle with the aristocratic Baird. The part of Baird himself, a small one in the play, was taken by Bert Cairns, and did not give him much scope. Eric Johnston was cast, rather more happily than he has sometimes been, as Roy Darwin, and certainly succeeded in contrasting strongly with the masterful and vivid personality of George Simon.

Hazelle Cristall gave an excellent interpretation of Mrs. Chapman, saved, just before the play opens, by a brilliant speech for the defence by George Simon and a susceptible jury, from conviction on a charge of murdering her husband. Greatly flattered by all the publicity, and quite empty-headed, she tries to make love to Simon in his own office, but without the slightest success, Simon being still very much in love with his wife Cora and entirely convinced of Cora's sterling qualities and complete devotion to him. The part of Cora was very ably played by Doreen Rees, but whether it is the fault of Elmer Rice or not, it seemed to me almost incredible that Simon could after five years remain so completely blind to his wife's hardness, selfishness, lack of sympathy, and even unfaithfulness. Granted the type, however, the acting was good. A word of praise should also be given to Shirley Haynes and Arthur Samuels, as Cora's two children. They acted their parts with a self-possession that suggests they have a long career of amateur acting in front of them.

CLUB NOTES

PHARMACY CLUB MEETING

The monthly meeting of the Pharmacy Club was held in 405 Arts on Monday, Nov. 20, at 4:30 p.m. After a short business discussion an instructive talk was heard from the guest speaker, Mr. W. M. Hamilton, now of the Alberta National Drug Co., and formerly working under the Retail Druggists' Association.

Mr. Hamilton's topic was, "The Future for the Graduate Druggist." In it he pointed out the lack of enthusiasm of many druggists of the province, and the rut of carelessness which they have gotten into. He then made an appeal for the adoption of modern merchandising methods, modern salesmanship and displaying, etc.

In closing, Mr. Hamilton stressed the need of the graduate to obtain the prestige the druggist should have in a community, thus guarding against competition from other businesses and other districts.

The meeting adjourned after a hearty vote of thanks had been extended to Mr. Hamilton.

PHARMACY CLUB PARTY

On Friday evening St. Joseph's auditorium was the scene of a gay gathering of the Pharmacy Club and their friends.

The evening was spent in tripping the light fantastic to tuneful melodies offered by the orchestra with only time out to partake of a dainty lunch served in the dining room.

At twelve o'clock the strains of "Home Sweet Home" ended one of the most successful and largest attended parties in the history of the club.

May we have more like it!

GERMAN STUDENTS

The German Club will function again this year. All those interested are asked to meet in the basement of the Tuck at 4:30 Wednesday, Nov. 29. Whether you speak German with any facility or not makes no difference—come anyway! Tea will be served.

E. J. H. GREENE,
Acting President.

ART BIERWAGEN TO SPEAK

Mr. Arthur Bierwagen will deliver an address on "Canada and World Peace" next Monday, Nov. 29th, at 8 p.m., in the basement of the McLeod Building. An open forum will follow.

Mr. Bierwagen, winner of the Imrie Scholarship, spent last summer in Geneva, and is particularly well qualified to discuss this important topic.

The general public is invited, and the admission is gratuitous. A special invitation is extended to University students.

credible that Simon could after five years remain so completely blind to his wife's hardness, selfishness, lack of sympathy, and even unfaithfulness. Granted the type, however, the acting was good. A word of praise should also be given to Shirley Haynes and Arthur Samuels, as Cora's two children. They acted their parts with a self-possession that suggests they have a long career of amateur acting in front of them.

The central part in the play, that of G. S. himself, was taken by Max Werstorf. Werstorf has had considerable experience in Little Theatre work, but I doubt if he has ever acted more brilliantly than in this play. That he handled the legal technicalities so well is perhaps not surprising in view of his professional training, but he succeeded also in portraying admirably the emotional heights and depths of a very striking character. I never remember to have felt more intensely thrilled, even in watching professional acting, than I was by the scene between George Simon and the secretary just before the end of the play.

Little more need be said of the general production. Here and there a curping critic might take exception to small details, such as the remarkable stationery which Baird apparently used for his private letters, but on the whole it was a most competent performance and a great credit to Ted Cohen and the Hebrew Dramatic Club. Even if the language was at times such as a strict Sabatarian would hardly approve of, there might be many a worse way of spending a Sunday evening than seeing "Counsellor-at-Law."

POT POURRI

In Which The Gateway's Over-town Correspondent Again Discusses, not too Deeply, Whatever Catches His Fancy—Workers Who, Like the Wives of Henry VIII, Must Take a Cut; Kate Smith, G.B.S., et al.

By Percival Hodnut

"The only war I ever approved of was the Trojan war; it was fought over a woman, and the men knew what they were fighting for."

We don't remember whether or not we used to like William Lyon Phelps: we do like him now for the beautifully expressed idea with which our meanderings open this week. The method used by the learned gentleman leads us to suspect that he could converse brilliantly, having as chief weapon a stock of well-turned puns. No man is brilliant who cannot pun, of course. (Charles Lamb backs us up in that—by inference, at least.) Yes, no woman is, either: Fannie Brice evidently believes that.

Remarking on "distant" girls, Miss Brice says, "Half aloof is better than none." The play on words isn't bad, for a woman, but Mae West might not agree with the sentiment.

Adding Weight to Her Name. Kate Smith ("Songbird of the South") is quoted as saying that she has never used a rubber stamp for signing letters—"I believe that takes away the personal touch."

Not everybody likes Kate—we don't ourselves—but many a Varsity student or graduate, however "choosy" in the Bennett sense, would appreciate having her policy adopted by every business man; then it would be less painful to receive the routine salary cut or rejection of employment applications. However, there is the consideration that a rubber-stamp signature is often more legible than the writing it is supposed to duplicate.

He Did Boswell As Could Be Expected

Samuel Johnson was one of the wise lads of his time, we hear: yet we find him passing up an opportunity to add to his fame. This is unforgivable in a man, who might reasonably be expected to know how fleeting is the latter, how strenuously and unremittably she must be wooed. (You are now expected to read "fame" with a capital.)

We are criticizing Sammy because of his laxity in the matter of his epigram: "Perhaps no man shall ever know whether it is better to wear night-caps or not." He might have added, "Undoubtedly he should know that it is better to drink them."

However, we retract our criticism. It smacks too much of the Smart Alec, or of the lower common room literati (to which we have never belonged, of course).

Now, They're Impossible. "My idea of Socialism is to bring about a state of things in which every man in the country will be a possible husband for every woman."

—George Bernard Shaw. This would be in line with the furtherance of Mr. Shaw's application of his definition of marriage. It would undoubtedly provide that maximum of opportunity which the wild Irishman has raved about, but that might not be the point of his hopes. He's married, and (probably) is jealous of others' freedom.

CO-ED SPORT

(Continued from Page Three)

change of centre-jump has been voted down. "Home" teams will supply floors.

It isn't too late to start now! We noticed that a few more "new" people turned out to House League practices this week. We ask that the good work be continued.

The names of a few more players are yet needed to fill out another team. Anyone with the slightest basketball experience is welcomed.

From hockey headquarters we hear that Varsity's opponents in the intermediate loop have been lumping together all their available material in the city in an effort to send even stronger teams on the ice. The Monarchs dropped their senior team, combined all their best hockey talent then available, and so formed their intermediate team. From the goal out, their is an experienced squad, and will be a tough handful any place.

Bennett's Hustlers, last year's league champs, now known as the Orioles, are preparing to send in a stronger force if possible to do battle for their title aspirations.

Besides, it is rumored that the Rustlers, senior league champions, having no registered opposition so far in their circuit, intend to come down a peg to the intermediate for games. To such an uneven balance of clubs, the strongest objections have been voiced by intermediate managers. Such a condition, they say, threatens sudden death for the interest hitherto provided to the few surviving spectators of ladies' hockey.

In any case, this means that Varsity co-eds will have to buckle down as perhaps never before, in hockey practices. On the part of the coach it will mean energetic coaching of a still harder and more concentrated order in plays, rules and passing combinations, and also in the teaching of the most elementary principles of hockey to the inexperienced players. Considering that most of our hockey material has had little, if any, hockey in high school, this is always some job for the coach. So we wish him the best of success.

Danish railways have eliminated side swing, rail shock and vibration by adding rubber tired wheels to railways cars.—Y News.

Time to be planning for the
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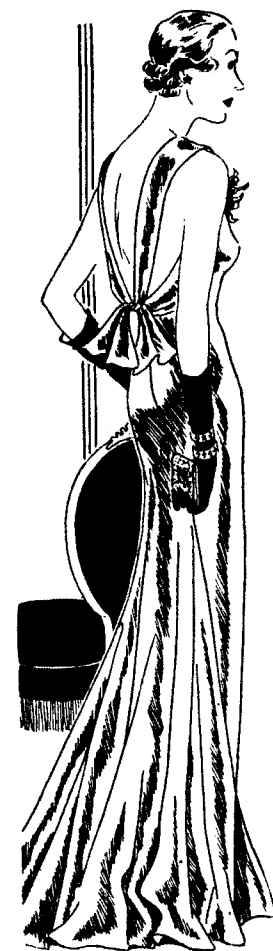
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Gowns to order of French Transparent Silk Velvets at \$17.75. Cost of trimmings extra.

Gowns to order of new Lacquer Satins in new evening shades at \$22.75. Cost of trimmings extra.

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POPULAR PRICES
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25c-35c

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Evenings, 8:30, Orchestra and
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50c

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Seats now on sale at Box Office

PHONE 27285

Private Course in German

FOR STAFF MEMBERS AND GRADUATE STUDENTS

Will be given by E. Mueller. All interested are invited to meet in A-311

on Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 4:30. Charges reasonable, depending on number

of participants.

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